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NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

DENISON'S SPECIALTIES

Macbeth A La Mode

Price, 25 Cents

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

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Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min.	5	
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3	5
Box and Cox, 35 min.	2	1
Case Against Casey, 40 min.		23
Convention of Papas, 25 min.	7	
Country Justice, 15 min.	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago

MACBETH À LA MODE

A SCHOOL BURLETTA

IN THREE ACTS

BY

WALTER BEN HARE

AUTHOR OF

"A College Town," "A Rustic Romeo," "The Fascinators," "A Southern Cinderella," "Savageland," "Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown," "Aaron Boggs, Freshman," Etc.



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

1914

PS 3515
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MACBETH À LA MODE

CHARACTERS.

WILLIE MACBETH	<i>Mother's Pet</i>
KING DUNCAN	<i>Football Captain</i>
BOB BANQUO	<i>A Jolly Good Fellow</i>
MIKE McDUFF	<i>A Senior from the Country</i>
ARTHUR LENNOX	<i>A Student Politician</i>
DONALD BAIN	<i>A Friend of Macbeth's</i>
FLEA-ANTS	<i>Some Porter</i>
LADY MACBETH	<i>A Doting Mamma</i>
HECATE	<i>Her Irish Maid</i>
FRIVOLOUS FANNIE	<i>A Senior</i>
MANDY MALCOLM	<i>"Second the Motion"</i>
FIRST WITCH	
SECOND WITCH	
THIRD WITCH	

Teachers, Members of the Class, etc.

The Witches may be played either by boys or girls.

ACT I—Scene 1: *A Blasted Heath.*

Scene 2: *Senior Class Meeting.*

ACT II—Scene 1: *Lady Macbeth's House Party.*

Scene 2: *The Same, Four O'clock Next Morning.*

ACT III—Scene 1: *The Witches' Cavern.*

Scene 2: *The Football Game.*

NOTICE—No scenery is necessary, simply a front curtain and an easel with placards announcing scenes.

TIME OF PLAYING—*One Hour and Fifteen Minutes.*

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STORY OF THE PLAY.

Willie Macbeth is the social leader of the Senior Class. With his friend Banquo he encounters Three Witches, who prophesy that he will pass his examination, that he will be elected to a class office and that he will play on the football team. The first two prophesies come true, and in Act II Lady Macbeth, his mother, arranges for him to play on the football team, by drugging the captain. Macbeth flies to the Witches for further advice and learns that he will make a touchdown. He does, but runs with the ball toward the enemies' goal, thus losing the game for his own team.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

MACBETH—A young dude dressed in rather loud clothes of a fashionable cut. Act I: School suit. Act II: Black party suit. Act III: Scene 1, long raincoat and Scotch cap; Scene 2, full football uniform. Wears eyeglass all through play. Wears a straw hat with football uniform.

BANQUO and OTHER STUDENTS—Similar to Macbeth.

MCDUFF—Wears red wig and dresses rather like a rube student.

FLEA-ANTS—Made up very old with wig and beard. Butler's suit (with auto coat and hat in Act I and at end of Act II).

LADY MACBETH—Tall and commanding. Trailing dress of dark material in Act I. Powdered hair and lorgnette. Fashionable hat. Ball costume with train in Act II. Long white robe in Act III. Hair down in two long braids and tied up in large paper curlers in Act III.

HECATE—Neat maid's costume of black with neat hat in Acts I and III and white apron and cap in Act II.

FANNIE—Stylish costumes for each act.

MANDY—Gingham apron for Act I. Pink waist trimmed in green; purple skirt trimmed in yellow for Act II. Funny costume in Act III with hat and megaphone.

THE WITCHES—Wear long white wigs (made from jute), red bandanna kerchiefs on head. False noses cut from false faces. Long dresses covered with fringe made by tearing rags of many colors in fringes about one foot long and sewing them all over costumes. Each carries a long pole about six feet high and leans on it. Play these parts with cackling, high-pitched voices, but be sure to make each word understood. If desired the Witches may make quick changes and appear as students at the election and house party.

MUSIC IN THE PLAY.

1. "*Farewell, my Fairy Fay,*" sung to tune of "Polly-Wolly-Doodle."
2. "*Tact,*" sung to tune of "Dear Evalina, Sweet Evalina."
3. "*The Senior Class,*" sung to the tune of "Rig-a-Jig."
4. "*Music and Laughter,*" sung to tune of "Troubadour Song."
5. "*Good-Night,*" sung to tune of "Lullaby and Good-Night."

NOTICE—All songs are sung to old college airs familiar to everyone. However, they can all be found in the book, "*College Songs,*" published by Oliver Ditson Co., which we will send postpaid upon receipt of price, fifty cents.

PROPERTIES.

Six placards for Flea, marked as noted in text. Small easel on stage in front of curtain. Trumpet off stage at *L*. Thunder and lightning effect. Large caricature of Teacher for First Witch. Toy drum for Banquo. Eyeglass for Macbeth. Dollar for Macbeth. Small table with gavel. Several chairs and palms. Slips of paper for votes. Book for Mandy. Crown in paper sack for Flea. Card case and cards for Flea. Confetti and paper streamers or paper snowballs for class. Punch bowl and glasses. White powder for Lady Macbeth. Large wooden dagger on invisible string. Large bottle for Lady Macbeth with label marked "Castor Oil." Water glass (may use one of punch glasses). Caul-

dron and powders to make red, green and white flashes. Candle in cauldron, powder to be sprinkled in by Witches. Signs with grades for the procession of teachers. Pail and scrubbing brush for Lady Macbeth. Pennants and megaphones for girls at finale.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; up stage, away from footlights, down stage, near footlights; 1 *G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

MACBETH À LA MODE

PROLOGUE.

Before the play begins the MANAGER steps in front of the curtain and recites:

My gentle masters, lords and ladies gay,
Who here foregather to behold our play,
We bid you welcome. Well ye know
The Senior Class presents no common show;
And you are right. For each of you shall see
Us play Macbeth, a woeful tragedy,
Writ by one Shakespeare, tragically inclined,
But much improved to suit the modern mind.
'Tis no burlesque; we take the middle road,
And play Macbeth, but Macbeth à la Mode.

(Trumpet blast.)

Enter FLEA and places a placard on easel near side of stage. Placard reads: "Act I Scene 1: A Blasted Heath." Exit FLEA lazily and yawning.

Act One, Scene One, a blasted heath we see,
Where witches prowl in midnight witchery.
Of course it's not a heath; but honest, say!
The blast it blew the blasted heath away.

(Exit MANAGER.)

ACT I.

SCENE I: No scenery required. Simply dark screens or curtain for background with entrances L. and R. Stage very dark. If lights cannot be worked from wings, FLEA may come in lazily, turn down lights and exit. Thunder and lightning effect. Weird music.

1ST WITCH. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, and in rain?

2ND WITCH—When Professor X gets through
Flunking Seniors black and blue.

3RD WITCH. 'Twill be nineteen ninety-two.

1ST WITCH. Where hast thou been, sister?

2ND WITCH. Killing time.

3RD WITCH. Killing time? I' faith, that's no great mystery.

If you were killing time, the class was history.

2ND WITCH. Sister, where thou?

1ST WITCH. Knowest thou Macbeth, he with the college clothes,
The social leader, who does naught but pose?

2ND WITCH. You mean the dude who tries to run the school?

3RD WITCH. A stuck-up prig; in good old English, fool!

1ST WITCH. His lady ma has chestnuts in her lap—

2ND WITCH. Chestnuts. What are they, my dear?

3RD WITCH. The stories Professor Y springs every year.

1ST WITCH. Give me, quoth I:

Aroint thee, witch! Lady Macbeth did cry.
She's down on us because we have to beg,
But, e'er I'm through, I'll take her down
a peg.

Her son comes here today to learn his fate,
And we will pull him from his high estate.

2ND WITCH. I'll give thee wind.

1ST WITCH. Thou'rt kind.

3RD WITCH. And I another.

1ST WITCH. I myself have all the other.

I will drain him dry as hay,
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid;
He shall live a lad forbid.

I'll teach his mother not to be so free,
I'll have revenge, take it from me.

Look what I have.

2ND WITCH. Show me, show me.

1ST WITCH (*exhibiting a large caricature of teacher.*)
 Here I have a teacher glum,
 Who flunks each class and grins a-hum.
 (*Noise of drum.*)

3RD WITCH. A drum, a drum!
 Macbeth doth come.

(*The THREE WITCHES join hands and dance in tango step to the tune of the drum, chanting.*)

ALL. The Weird Sisters, hand in hand,
 Dance the tango to beat the band.
 Thus do go about, about;
 Thrice to thine and thrice to mine,
 Thrice again, to make up nine.
 Peace, the charm's wound up. (*Line up at L.*)

Enter BANQUO from R., beating toy drum. He turns to right and bows low to MACBETH, who enters. They come down R. C., not noticing WITCHES.

MACBETH. So fair and foul a day I have not seen.

BANQUO. Althought it storms, we've been to see a queen.
 How far is't called to (*name near-by town*)?
 What are these so withered and so wild in
 their attire,
 That look like country Freshmen entering
 school.
 Live you? Or are you members of the Junior
 class?
 You should be women, yet you look like suf-
 frages!
 Perhaps you're Cubist drawings? Or pictures
 like

Our noble D. draws in his class-books?

MACBETH. Speak if you can. What are you?

1ST. WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! Pride of the Senior class.

2ND WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! Green as the greenest
 grass.

3RD WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! Today's exam you pass.

1ST WITCH. Even now the Senior class is holding election.

2ND WITCH. And you're an officer. Upon reflection I think they'll make you president, or maybe treasurer or janitor.

1ST WITCH. And in the future you shall have your dream,

For you shall play upon the football team.

BANQUO. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair? (*To WITCHES.*) If you can look into the seeds of time, And say which grain will grow and which will not,

Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear Your favors nor your hate.

1ST WITCH. Hail!

2ND WITCH. Hail!

3RD WITCH. Hail!

BANQUO. Probably a little rain and thunder on the side.

1ST WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2ND WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3RD WITCH. Some day, if you remain the same, The Senior Class shall bless thy name.

WITCHES. So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

MACBETH. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
I fully know that I'm the Senior's pride,
I lead the fashions, am a swell beside.
So far you've hit it right; but tell me true
Art sure that I have passed today's exam?
My social duties will not let me cram.
And R's exams are known in every tongue,
You think you've made a hundred, but you're stung.

Now have I passed? Or is it all a dream?
And honest, will I make the football team?
Say whence you owe this strange intelligence?
Or why upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

(Exeunt WITCHES at L. hurriedly.)

BANQUO. The earth hath bubbles, did you see them float?

I'll swear they vanished. Gee, it gets my goat.

MACBETH. Maybe that punch was spiked, it's all a dream.

BANQUO. They said you'd play upon the football team.

MACBETH. And pass today's exam, went it not so?

BANQUO. And be an officer of the class, you're lucky, 'bo.

MACBETH. I wonder why, in face of open day,
They tried to stuff us in this blasted way.

Enter DONALD from R.

DONALD. Hello, old scouts. Prof. R.'s grades are posted.

BANQUO. And did I pass?

DONALD. Alas, not so. You're roasted.

MACBETH. But what of me? I knew that I would fail.

DONALD. You didn't.

MACBETH. I didn't?

BANQUO. Don't look so pale.

You've passed. The Witches told you true.

DONALD. At four o'clock the class election's due.

BANQUO. They said that you would be elected.

No need to hurry. You'll not be rejected.

These Witches have a lot of wit—

MACBETH. They've got me going south, I must admit.

DONALD. What witches?

BANQUO. Some we met right here.

MACBETH. I'll call them back. Witches appear, appear!

Enter WITCHES from L.

1ST WITCH. Hail! What we told you has come to pass!

MACBETH. But will I be president of the Senior Class?

2ND WITCH. I said you'd be elected to an office. But,
away!

3RD WITCH. Before you go, pray don't forget our pay.

(1ST WITCH stands at R. DONALD at R. C. 2ND WITCH at L. C. BANQUO at L. 3RD WITCH and MACBETH a little in front of others. Music cue.)

FAREWELL, MY FAIRY FAY.

(Sung to the tune of "Polly-Wolly-Doodle.")

MACBETH (*sings as he gives 3RD WITCH a dollar*).

Now I'll say farewell, there's a dollar spent.

ALL. Singing Willie does your mother know you're out.

MACBETH. For the class is waiting for its president.

ALL. Singing Willie does your mother know you're out.

MACBETH. Farewell, farewell, farewell, my fairy fay,
All the others are rejected,
I am sure to be elected,
Singing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

(All join hands and dance around in circle, repeating chorus. At close MACBETH takes C. and 1ST WITCH, DONALD, 2ND WITCH, BANQUO and 3D WITCH line up in rear.)

MACBETH. Oh, I'll make a bow as I take the chair,

ALL. Singing Willie does your mother know you're out.

MACBETH. As president I'll make them stare,

ALL. Singing Willie does your mother know you're out.

(Each couple dances "hesitation" as all sing chorus.)

ALL. Farewell, farewell, farewell, my fairy fay,
For the whistle is a blowing,
And I really must be going,
Singing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

ALL. Then every lad and every lass,
Sing a boola, boola, boola, boola, boo.
Give a health to the grand old senior class.
With a boola, boola, boola, boola, boo.

(dancing) Farewell, farewell, farewell, my fairy fay,
For the Juniors aren't in it,
Not even for a minute,
Singing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

(All form a line holding hands as in "crack the whip," and dance merrily out R., singing chorus.)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II: FLEA comes lazily before curtain, stares in a bored way at the audience, crosses to easel and puts up placard reading: "Act One, Scene Two. A Meeting of the Senior Class." Exits L.

Small table with chair and gavel discovered down R. near footlights. Other chairs or benches on stage. Lights up. MANDY discovered down L., studying.

Enter LENNOX and FANNIE from R. They come down C.

LENNOX. We must be early. I thought the whole bunch would be here.

FANNIE. I hope this old class meeting won't last long. I want to get Willie Macbeth to teach me a new tango step before tonight.

LENNOX. Where you going tonight?

FANNIE. To a ball. We're going to have the most gorgeous time. I've got an awfully swagger cerise gown. It's going to be perfectly ripping.

LENNOX. What, the gown?

FANNIE (laughs). Stupid! Of course not; the dance.

LENNOX. Who you going to vote for for president?

FANNIE. Well—(thinks) King Duncan would make a perfectly gorgeous president, but he hasn't the social standing that Willie Macbeth has, and that counts a lot, you know.

LENNOX. Tommyrot. Macbeth wouldn't make a good president. He'd want to serve tango tea at each class meeting.

FANNIE. Why, I think that would be awfully dear. Oh, here is Mandy.

MANDY. Yes, it's me. I mean, it's I. Honest, this English gets me mixed up so I don't know whether it's me or I.

FANNIE. If you aren't studying! Art, she's studying!

LENNOX. Awfully bad habit. I used to once, when I was a Freshman. That was before I learned how to bluff.

FANNIE. Oh, you musn't bluff.

MANDY. Well, if you don't bluff and you don't study, how are you ever going to get a die-plomy? Huh?

FANINE. It's the easiest thing in the world. All you need is a little tact. Listen.

(*Specialty "Tact" introduced with appropriate gestures by FANNIE.*)

TACT.

(*Sung by FANNIE to tune of "Dear Evalina, Sweet Evalina."*)

When you first enter High School,
By nature you're green,
You study each lesson,
And write every theme.
But when you're a Senior
You're wiser; in fact,
You're always marked perfect,
Because you use tact.

CHORUS:

Speak so politely,
Always smile brightly,
Naught from your fame can ever detract,
Never seem lazy,
They'll think you're a daisy,
And give you an A, and it's all due to tact.

In Chemistry always
Pretend that you know
Much more than you do,
You can make a grand show,
When the teacher is looking
Work hard for a while,
And when he asks questions,
Just bluff him and smile. (*Repeat Chorus.*)

In German and Latin,
Mount a horse and away,
You'll get the first question
If your name starts with A.
In Physics and Math
It is easier far,
Just laugh at their jokes,
And they'll think you're a star. (*Repeat chorus.*)

MANDY. Have you translated all your Latin?

FANNIE. Not on your life. I'll get King Duncan to read it over to me in the morning. These long lessons are just killing me. Each teacher seems to think we have nothing to do at night except prepare their work. I never do home study. Just think what we have to do tonight. Physics, Solid Geometry, Latin and Botany to study and a theme in English. It's something fierce. High School life ain't no cinch, take it from me.

Enter KING, MIKE and other students, marching lockstep, close together. LENNOX, MANDY and FANNIE join in. All march around stage, singing:

THE SENIOR CLASS.

(Sung to the tune of "Rig-a-Jig.")

The Senior Class is a grand old class, Hi-o, Hi-o,
They're the the cream of the school, each lad and lass,
Hi-o, Hi-o, Hi-o.
Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go, etc.

The Junior Class are ciphers here, Hi-o,
The Sophomore Class is awfully queer, Hi-o, etc.

The little babes of the Freshman Class, Hi-o,
Are innocent and green as grass, Hi-o, etc.

LENNOX. As president of last year's class, I'll take the chair. *(Sits at table. All seated.)*

MIKE. Sure and what'll he be doing with the chair?

MANDY. Why, Mike McDuff, ain't you ashamed? He's going to be seated therein.

LENNOX. First thing to do is to nominate a president.

MIKE. I nominate King Duncan.

LENNOX. Mr. McDuff will rise when he addresses the chair.

MIKE *(rises)*. Sure and I'm dressing no chair. I'm nominating Mr. Duncan for president of the class. He can play football, baseball, basketball, and begorra he can run the cinders off'n the track team. I'm not after knowing how

much Latin or Physics he knows, but I have me doubts. But it's a president we're after, not a Latinitian or a Physician. (*Sits.*)

MANDY (*applauds*). Hurray, hurray, I second the motion.

LENNOX. The name of Mr. King Duncan has been submitted in honorable nomination for president of this distinguished class. Are there any other nominations? (*Pause.*) Excuse me for seeming to be personal, but I merely want to state that it would be entirely parliamentary if anyone desired to nominate the present incumbent—meaning myself. (*Pause.*) The chair will entertain a motion to nominate himself for president of the Senior Class.

FANNIE (*rising*). I nominate Mr. Willie Macbeth. He'd make a perfectly gorgeous president. He'd wear such dreadfully sweet clothes and his manners are perfectly delicious. Then he is awfully swagger and is perfectly gorgeously liberal whenever he takes a girl anywhere.

MANDY (*applauds*). Hurray, hurray, I second the motion.

MIKE (*rising*). Mr. Chair, we don't want no Willie Boy for president of this class. He's too fresh, anyhow. Sure and if he gets too noisy with me, I'll drop him in the lake, so I will. (*Sits.*)

LENNOX. Are there any more nominations? (*Raps gavel.*) I declare the polls closed. Mike, you and Mandy collect the ballots. (*They do so.*) Now bring them here. (*Examines them.*) Mr. King Duncan has received every vote but one. I therefore declare him elected president of the Senior Class.

MANDY (*applauding*). Hurray, hurray, I second the motion.

ALL (*applauding*). Speech, speech, speech.

KING. My noble friends and true—

MIKE. Make it a short one.

KING. I can't make a speech—

MIKE. Then sit down, me boy; sit down.

KING. But I'm certainly much obliged for the honor.

MANDY. Hurray, hurray.

LENNOX. Come forward and take the chair.

MIKE. Now, *he's* going to get the chair.

KING (*sitting at table*). Nominations are now open for secretary.

MIKE. I nominate Art Lennox.

MANDY (*applauding*). Hurray, hurray, I second the motion.

KING. Any other nominations?

FANNIE (*rising*). I nominate Mr. Willie Macbeth. He'd make a perfectly swagger secretary and he got an absolutely superb grade today from Mr. R.

MANDY. Hurray, hurray, I second the motion.

KING. Any other nominations? I declare the polls closed. Mike and Mandy, collect the votes. I declare Mr. Arthur Lennox elected secretary of the Senior Class, as Mr. Macbeth received only one vote.

LENNOX. Ladies and gentlemen, I arise to make a short speech. I am honored. I am overwhelmed. I am—

MIKE. Sit down and get a second wind.

LENNOX. As the eagle circles aloft in the heaven's blue, as the eagle circles higher and higher and higher—

MIKE. Sit down. The eagle's out of sight.

Enter FLEA from L.

FLEA. Hexcuse me, ladies and gentlemen, but might hi be so bold as to hintrude?

MIKE. Back to the chimney, Santa Claus; back to the chimney.

KING. What do you want?

FLEA. A little hinformation, hif you please. His this the 'Igh School?

KING. This is the High School.

FLEA. Thank ye kindly, kind sir; hi will hinform me lady hof the fact.

Enter HECATE from L.

HECATE. Good afternoon, young ladies and gints. I've come to inform yez that me Lady Macbeth is about to make the school a visit.

ALL (*rise*). The Lady Macbeth?

HECATE (*down L.*). Indade and it's a foine lady she is.

FLEA (*down R.*). Yes, hi was just remarking—

HECATE. That'll do, Flea-ants. (*Sees MIKE standing beside her.*) Well, will yez look who's here?

MIKE. Mother, mother, mother, pin a rose on me. (*Flirts with her.*)

LADY (*outside L.*). Flea-ants, Flea-ants!

FLEA. Yes, me lady?

LADY. Announce me.

FLEA. Yes, me lady. (*Rigid pose.*) Her Ladyship of Glamis, the Thaness of Cawdor, Guroch, Lady Macbeth!

MANDY. My, it's a whole party.

ALL. Hurray, hurray, hurray.

MANDY (*after the others*). I second the motion.

Enter LADY MACBETH from L. She comes regally down C.

LADY. Hecate, my hat. (*HECATE removes her hat.*) Flea-ants.

FLEA. Yes, me lady.

LADY. My crown. (*FLEA takes crown from paper sack and puts it on LADY, then he and HECATE resume former position.*)

KING. Lady Macbeth, we bid you welcome.

LADY. Hecate, is that young man addressing me?

HECATE (*to FLEA*). Flea-ants, is that young man addressing us?

FLEA. Hexcuse me, miss; he hain't addressing hus; 'e's haddressing her ladyship.

LADY. But we haven't been introduced. How can I speak to him when we haven't been introduced?

HECATE. I dunno. Do you, Flea-ants?

FLEA. 'Er Ladyship might 'and heach one 'er 'visiting card. That might serve has a hintroduction.

LADY. Your thought, mythane, is as a book wherein one may read strange things. Hecate!

HECATE. Yes, mum. I mane your ladyship.

LADY. What were you doing?

HECATE. Sure and I was just talking to this young man. He's a frind of me cousin's and his name's McDuff.

LADY. Have done. My cards!

HECATE (*to FLEA*). Her cards!

FLEA (*producing card case*). Yes, miss, 'ere they are.

LADY. Distribute them. It's rather informal, but 'twill serve my purpose. (*HECATE and FLEA distribute calling cards to all.*)

MIKE. Sure and I don't play cards, but I'll match you nickels, just to show you I'm a sport. (*To FLEA.*)

LADY. Have they all been properly presented?

FLEA (*bowing low*). Yes, your ladyship.

LADY (*with dramatic gesture*). Then good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both.

MIKE (*applauding*). Hurray!

MANDY. Second the motion.

LADY. Is my son here?

MIKE. No, ma'am; he's out feeding the chickens in the park.

LADY. How dear! Willie is so very, very fond of chicken. But wherefore is this meeting? Speak, I prithee!

KING. Why, you see. That is, we—

LADY. Fie, fie, my lord; a Senior and afeard?

KING. I dare do all that doth become a man. We're electing the officers of the Senior Class.

LADY. And is he one? Macbeth, my son? (*Dramatically.*) I see it all. You need not speak! Ah ha, a bitter pill For pride to swallow, but you've tied the can on Bill. Come all ye spirits that tend on mortals here, And if ye have no spirits, we'll try root beer.

(*Loudly.*) Unsex me, fill me from the crown to the toe, Top full of direst cruelty. (*Very loud and dramatic.*) Come, thick night, and pall thee in the dunnest smoke of—

ALL (*deprecatingly*). Oh, your ladyship!

LADY (*continuing*). Pall thee in the dunnest smoke of Pittsburgh, that my keen knife see not the wound it make, but rather aid me quest and shout: "Go to it, kid!"

MIKE. Hurray!

MANDY. Second the motion.

LADY (*more gracious*). Perchance the offices are not all filled?

See to it that one goes to him, my son Macbeth.
And here I do invite you all,
The entire class, both great and small,
To spend next Friday at my country place.
In mirth and song we'll set the pace.
And now farewell, farewell—

KING. A long farewell to all your greatness.

LADY (*musings*). To be or not to be. (*Brightens up*.)
No matter. Flea-ants, my car.

FLEA. Hit waits below.

LADY. Hecate, my crown. (*HECATE removes crown*.)
Flea-ants, my hat. (*HECATE puts on her hat*.) And now a
last farewell. This parting is such sweet sorrow, that I
would say good-night till it were morrow. (*FLEA and*
HECATE bow low, LADY exits L. with dignity, followed by
HECATE and FLEA.)

FANNIE. Wasn't she perfectly awfully gorgeous?

KING (*resuming his seat*). It seems to be up to us to
elect Macbeth for something.

LENNOX. He can't be president. He doesn't understand
how to run a class.

KING. Then let's make him teacher of mathematics.

LENNOX. We might elect him court jester.

MIKE. Sure and he's a jest all right.

FANNIE. Jest right. I nominate Willie Macbeth for court
jester.

MIKE. Hurray!

MANDY. Second the motion.

KING. All in favor say aye.

ALL. Aye.

KING. The ayes have it. Mr. Willie Macbeth has been
duly elected court fool.

FANNIE. I'm sure he'll make a perfectly adorable fool.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO and DONALD from L.

MACBETH. You secret, black and midnight hags, what
is't ye do?

BANQUO. Hold on, Bill; that comes in the Third Act.

FANNIE. Oh, Billy, we've just elected you to an office.

MACBETH. Can such things be? Both prophesies come true? But one remains; will I make the football team? Well, shall I take the chair?

MIKE. Now *he* wants to take the chair.

KING. Oh, you weren't elected president.

MACBETH. Secretary, then?

LENNOX. Not on your life. I'm that.

MACBETH. Nor president, nor secretary? By Jove, what then?

MIKE. We elected you to something more in your line.

MACBETH. Ah, the social committee?

MIKE. Nope. You're elected class fool. (*Laughs loudly.*)

MACBETH. Class fool? Ah ha, an insult.

MIKE. You're the best able of all to fill the office.

MACBETH. Bah! Don't presume to address me. You are not my social equal.

MIKE (*sparring at him*). No, begorry, if I was, I'd be a class fool, too.

MACBETH. Don't call me that again, you Irish lout.

MIKE (*strikes him*). Come on and fight me like a man.

MACBETH (*throws off his coat*). I'll do it.

Lay on McDuff, and damned be he who first cries,
"Hold, enough!" (*They clinch and wrestle. MIKE trips MACBETH and both fall and roll over and over on the floor. Class starts to sing chorus of "Rig-a-Jig," and pelt them with confetti, paper streamers or paper snowballs.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I: Enter FLEA, walking up through the audience. He lazily ascends the stage, looks at audience in a bored fashion, bows and starts to speak; change his mind, crosses and puts placard on easel. Placard reads: "Act Two, Scene One. Lady Macbeth's House Party." Exits R.

Lights on full. Chairs on stage and palms. LADY discovered at C. All other characters grouped around, except the WITCHES.

LADY. You're welcome, friends, so feel at ease.

Sit down; you know your own degrees.

My son's a little stiff at entertaining.

MIKE (down L. with MANDY). A little stiff? Sure and I think he's a great big stiff; don't you, Mandy?

MANDY. Hush up, McDuff. Ain't you got no manners?

(LADY, HECATE and FLEA serve punch.)

LADY. Your glasses fill. It's only grape juice, see!

And that is sanctioned by the Faculty.

Now here's a toast to each.

(Puts white powder in the glass for KING.)

To you, sir, captain of the football team,

A long, sweet sleep and very pleasant dream.

(All drink.)

MACBETH. And now a song to pass the time away,

And we can dance until the break of day.

KING. Don't think I'm rude, Macbeth, but time has sped, I think the football team should be in bed.

Tomorrow's game the best of all the year.

(Staggers.)

Beg pardon, but I feel a little queer.

MACBETH. Only a little dance; take partners all.

Fannie, it's up to us to start the ball.

MUSIC AND LAUGHTER.

(Song sung by all to tune of "Troubadour Song.")

Why should we be thus full of glee,

This is the night of love.

Star's gentle light, moon shining bright,
 Musie of ocean and dove.
 Seniors, make merry, the swift hours are fleeting,
 No night so fair and dear,
 In all the long—the glad long year.
 Music and laughter and ladies fair,
 All debonaire, with grace so rare.
 Music and laughter and ecstasy,
 Come dance with me to Arcady.
 Happy the heart that has found love's way,
 With laughter gay we'll dance and play,
 Dancing we'll turn the night to day,
 The night to day.

(On the lines "music and laughter" two couples dance Hesitation or other fancy dance in C. All repeat Chorus and all dance. At conclusion each boy seats his lady.)

KING (*drowsily*). Macbeth, I don't want to break up the party,
 But I fear I've dined a little hearty.
 And as we have to take the morning train
 At five o'clock, I'll say good-night again.
 Lennox and Mike, and all you football men,
 Remember the game and go to bed at ten,
 And get a good night's rest. Good-night to all,
 Flea-ants, don't forget my 4:20 call. (*Exit R.*)

LADY. My friends, it's early yet, the night has just begun,
 And in the drawing-room I've arranged a little fun;
 A mystic lady, she's a gypsy belle,
 Will entertain and all your fortunes tell.

SENIORS (*murmur*). How lovely!

HECATE. Step this way.

FANNIE. Hasn't this been a scrumptious, gorgeous day?

(All exeunt L. except MACBETH and LADY.)

LADY. And now, my son, you take a tip from me,
 The Witches spoke the truth, as you will see.

Half they foretold has already come to pass,
Your exam and the office in the class.
All day tomorrow will King Duncan dream
And you shall take his place upon the team.
I drugged his punch. At night he will awake
And ask for water. Water to him take,
But I'll first doctor it with Castor Cream,
Then he'll take sick and you will make the team.

MACBETH. I will not do this deed. He's honored me
of late,

And bought me ice cream soda, which I ate.

LADY. Coward! You much desire to be a King,
But tremble at the means to do the thing.

MACBETH. But if we fail?

LADY. Why then we fail.

But still win in the end, like ——'s Bargain Sale.
A failure often means a big success,
—— (*dry goods merchant*) will tell the same, if
he'll confess.

Now all you have to do is keep awake
And when he calls for water, in you take
The drink I give you.

MACBETH. I'll do it. You prepare the Cream,
And I will win my place upon the team.

*All SENIORS enter with lighted candles, stand in groups
and sing:*

GOOD-NIGHT.

(Sung to the tune of "Lullaby and Good-Night.")

Lullaby and good-night, with roses bedight,
With lilies bested is baby's wee bed.
Lay thee down now and rest, may thy slumber be blessed.

Lullaby and good-night, thy mother's delight;
Bright angels around my darling shall stand,
They will guard thee from harm, thou shalt wake in my
arms.

SLOW CURTAIN.

SCENE II: *Enter FLEA before curtain, starts to put placard on easel. Thunder. He is frightened and runs away. Then crosses again. Loud thunder. He trembles, puts placard on and runs away in a hurry. Placard reads: "Act Two, Scene Two. Four o'clock in the morning."*

Same set as before; stage dark with only lamp burning on table. FLEA busy arranging room.

Enter BANQUO.

BANQUO. How goes the night, boy?

FLEA (*squeaking voice*). The moon is down. I have not heard the clock.

BANQUO. And she goes down at twelve.

FLEA. I take it 'tis later, sir.

Enter MACBETH from L.

BANQUO. Give me my sword. Who's there?

MACBETH. A friend.

BANQUO. Advance, friend, and give the countersign.

MACBETH. Down with exams in physics.

BANQUO. All's well.

Macbeth, I thought you were in bed.

MACBETH. I'm going—

BANQUO. The things those witches said

Have come at last to pass;

You've been elected to an office in the class,

I wonder if you'll make the football team?

MACBETH. Impossible. That was the witches' dream.

Good-night, most noble Banquo.

BANQUO. Good repose, Macbeth.

MACBETH. I thank you. (*Exit BANQUO, L.*)

Flea-ants, lock up the doors.

FLEA. They're locked.

MACBETH. Wind up the clock.

FLEA. It's wound.

MACBETH. Then get to bed. Avaunt and quit my sight.

FLEA. Oh, yes, sir—

MACBETH. Begone!

FLEA. Good-night! (*Quick exit L.*)

(MACBETH turns toward R and large wooden dagger on thread bounces in front of him.)

MACBETH. Is this a dagger that I see before me nose?
The handle toward me? I'll get it. There
it goes.

(Grabs again, dagger drawn up.)

I have thee not, and yet I thought I had.
Maybe that punch was spiked. I've got 'em
bad. (Looks out.)

Now half the world has given up the ghost,
Only (name janitor) sleeping at his post.
(Clock strikes three.)

I'll go. The bell strikes two, so I'll strike one.
Hear it not, Duncan, for 'tis a knell
That summons thee to Heaven or to the other
place.

Enter LADY from L.

LADY. Here is the bottle. Fill the water glass.
(He obeys.)
Careful. Don't spill it. There it goes. Alas!
You're nervous as a rat, and what a bore;
Just see that spot upon my hardwood floor.

KING (out R.). Water!

LADY. He calls. Go to him quick.
(Exit MACBETH, R.)

Hark! I heard a noise. (Cat meows.) What's
that? (Looks out.)

Only the harmless, necessary cat.

Enter MACBETH from R.

MACBETH. I've done the deed. Did you not hear a row?

LADY. I heard the cat squall out just now.

Did you not speak?

MACBETH. When?

LADY. Now.

MACBETH. My shoes did squeak.

LADY. How?

MACBETH. There.

LADY. Where?

MACBETH. Upon the stair.

He drank it all and straightway fell asleep.

LADY. We're safe. You're trembling like a sheep.

MACBETH. I'm going to the kitchen for a feed.

LADY. A little water clears us of this deed. (*Exit L.*)

MACBETH (*in horror*). Oh, see my hand. It's dyed in blood!

Can Neptune wash it clean? I wish he could.

But that's a thing I fear can never be,

For he already has a large Red Sea.

(*Knocking at L.*)

Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me that every noise appalls me?

Knock, knock, it must be the members of
the Junior Class,

The greatest knockers that this school e'er
knew.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking; I would
thou couldst. (*Exit L.*)

Enter MIKE and LENNOX from up L.

MIKE. Sure and ivery wan sames to be slapin' the slape
of the Sivin Slapers.

LENNOX. Where's Duncan's room?

MIKE. Over there. We've got to hurry. The train laves
in twenty minutes.

Enter BANQUO from L.

BANQUO. Where's King? Wake him up.

Enter MACBETH from L., followed by FLEA.

MACBETH. Hello! You're stirring early, fellows.

BANQUO. Are you going back to town with us?

MACBETH. Sure. I've got to see that game.

MIKE. King Duncan is a heavy slaper. I'll get him.

MACBETH. There's his room. I'll see if I can wake him.

MIKE. Sure and it seems too bad to trouble you.

MACBETH. The labor we delight in physics pain. Come
on. (*Exit R., followed by MIKE.*)

Enter DONALD and all other Seniors with LADY.

FANNIE. Oh, dear Lady Macbeth, we've had the most perfectly adorable time. It was terribly sweet of you to ask us.

DONALD. I couldn't sleep. It was an awful night.

FLEA (*in aged squeaking voice.*) Hindeed it was. My young remembrance cannot parallel a fellow to it.

Enter MIKE and MACBETH from R.

MIKE. Oh, horror, horror, horror!

MACBETH. Horror, horror, horror!

ALL. Horror!

MANDY. You mean hurray. I second the motion.

BANQUO. What are we doing? Giving a class yell?

MIKE. Sure Duncan's there, but he is deathly sick.

ALL. Sick?

LADY. Let me go to him. (*Exit R.*)

MIKE. It's awful; he can't move.

ALL. Why, what's the matter?

MIKE. I'm not sure, but I think it's spinal maginnis.

MACBETH. I'll telephone the doctor. (*Exit L.*)

BANQUO. Let me see. (*Exit R.*)

LENNOX. Why, what will we do? He's our captain, and the biggest game of the year is called for two o'clock. We can't postpone it. What can we do?

FANNIE. Why, let Macbeth take his place. He'd make an awfully cute football player.

Enter BANQUO from R., followed by LADY.

BANQUO. It's no use. King Duncan can't be moved today.

MIKE. But we'll have to go.

LENNOX. Yes. We'll have to hurry if we catch the train.

LADY. Flea-ants, hitch up the automobile.

FLEA. Yes, me lady. (*Exit L.*)

LENNOX. Come on, Macbeth.

Enter MACBETH from L.

MACBETH. How is he?

LADY. Worse. He's here to stay.

MACBETH. The doctor will be right over.

LENNOX. You'll have to play.

MACBETH. What? Play on the team?

LENNOX. It's up to you.

BANQUO. The witches' words come true.

LADY. Oh, is Willy going to play football? Now, don't be rough with him, will you, boys?

MIKE. Oh, no; we won't do a thing to Willie.

LADY. Willie, don't stand too much in the sun, and be sure and wear your straw hat while playing. I don't want you to have a sunstroke.

Enter FLEA from L.

FLEA. The hottymobile is ready. This way.

MACBETH. Take care of King, mamma.

LADY. I will. Remember and don't over-exert yourself, Willie. And when you are playing football, always remember to be kind to your antagonists. Don't strike them too hard.

MACBETH. All right, mamma.

LADY. Good-bye.

ALL. Good-bye. We've had a perfectly lovely time.

(Students all run out L., followed by FLEA. LADY stands and waves handkerchief after them.)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I: FLEA comes before curtain and places placard on easel. The placard reads: "Act Three, Scene One. The Witches' Cavern." Exit FLEA at R.

Curtain rises and discovers dark stage with a boiling cauldron in C. Thunder and cat-calls.

Enter the THREE WITCHES.

1ST WITCH. Thrice the Junior cats-have mewed.

2ND WITCH. Thrice and once the Freshmen whined.

3RD WITCH (*insert name of principal*). — cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1ST WITCH (*as the other two walk round the cauldron*).

Round about the cauldron go;

Mathematics you must know.

Let X equal the cold stone,

When will Y be thirty-one?

Drop that in the mystic pan;

(*Red flash from cauldron.*)

Tell me, pray, how old is Ann?

ALL. Double, double, boil and bubble,
Mathematics makes them trouble.

2ND WITCH (*coming C.*). Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Biology makes 'em cut and jab,
Thirteen hours a week in lab. (*Green flash.*)

ALL. Double, double, boil and bubble,
Lab work causes lots of trouble.

3RD WITCH (*coming forward*). Latin, Greek and German, too,
Fifty pages make a stew.
And to thicken up the mystery
Take two chapters English History.

Physics, French and English Lit,
Spend an hour on each or git.

(White flash.)

ALL. Double, double, boil and bubble,
High school life is full of trouble.

1ST WITCH. All night long from six to three,
Study math and chemistry.

2ND WITCH. In the hours when you should dream,
Write an English twelve-page theme.

3RD WITCH. Work at night and Sunday, too.
Outside reading you must do.
Next day, when you're on the bunk,
Teacher springs exam—you flunk.

ALL. Double, double, boil and bubble,
High School life is full of trouble.

2ND WITCH. Cool it with a Freshman's blood,
Then the charm is thick and good.

1ST WITCH. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

(Knocking heard.)

Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH from L.

MACBETH. How now, you secret, black and midnight
hags!

What is't you do?

ALL. A deed without a name.

MACBETH. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me.

1ST WITCH. Speak!

2ND WITCH. Demand!

3RD WITCH. We'll answer.

1ST WITCH. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
mouths.

Or from our masters?

MACBETH. Call 'em; let me see 'em.

ALL *(circling cauldron)*. Come high, come low; come,
freak; come, queer.

Shades of the faculty appear.

Loud peal of thunder, white flash from cauldron and
 1ST TEACHER enters from L. *This character should be made up as near life as possible and should carry a huge book marked "Physics," or some other symbol.*

MACBETH. Why, goodness gracious me!
 Do I dream, or do I really see
 Mr. C., king of our faculty.

1ST WITCH. He knows thy thought; hear his speech but say thou naught.

1ST TEACHER. Class attention. (*Here follows a short speech characteristic of the teacher burlesqued, followed by:*)

Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

MACBETH. Present.

1ST TEACHER. Beware Macduff. In a football game you are a bluff.

Dismiss me. Enough. (*Glides out R.*)

MACBETH. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks. (*Thunder and red flash.*)

2ND WITCH. Here's another, more potent than the first.

Enter 2ND TEACHER.

2ND TEACHER. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth!

MACBETH. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

2ND TEACHER. Have you translated — (*characteristic speech*)

MACBETH. I have.

2ND TEACHER. Be bloody, bold and resolute; play well the game;

The High School then will ne'er forget your name.

MACBETH. That's good. There's naught as sweet as fame. (*Exit 2ND TEACHER. Loud peal of thunder. Green flash.*)

Enter 3RD TEACHER. Short characteristic speech may be introduced, ending with:

3RD TEACHER. Be lion-mettled, proud and fancy free,
 A touch-down, sure, I promise thee.

(*Exits.*)

MACBETH (*delighted*). I'm to make a touch-down,
 win the game,
 And the school will ne'er forget my name.
 Oh, joy! But one thing else I pray,
 Shall I lead all on graduation day?

1ST WITCH. Show!

2ND WITCH. Show!

3RD WITCH. Show! (*Weird music.*)

ALL WITCHES. Show his grades and grieve his heart,
 Come like shadows, so depart.

Enter 1ST TEACHER with large sign reading: "English—MACBETH, 40 per cent. Slowly crosses stage shaking head at MACBETH. Enter all other teachers, one at a time, with similar placards showing that MACBETH flunked every subject. Each passes across and exits.

MACBETH (*to WITCHES*). Flunked? Torture me no
 more,
 But let me go. I'm sure of a touchdown,
 at least.

1ST WITCH. Show!

2ND WITCH. Show!

3RD WITCH. Show! (*WITCHES retire with MACBETH up near back.*)

Enter FLEA and HECATE cautiously from R.

FLEA. Two nights I've watched and did e'en as you
 bid me,

But nothing have I seen. Methinks you kid me.

HECATE. No! Begorra, she scares me with the things
 I see,

She walks and talks when fast asleep. Oh, Flea,
 I think she witched.

FLEA. What does she say?

HECATE. I'll never tell till judgment day.

Enter LADY in long white robes, hair in curl papers, has pail in one hand and scrubbing brush in other.

FLEA. Leek, 'ere she comes, hand has hi live, asleep.
 See, on her arm a pail and in her hand a brush.
 And see she kneels upon the floor!

HECATE. Hush! Flea-ants, hush!

LADY. Out damned spot!

FLEA. What awful language!

HECATE. Hush!

LADY. Methinks 'twill out with this good scrubbing brush.

'Tis one o'clock. (*Clock strikes three.*)

A football man and afraid of slaughter?

I'll get it out, but I must have some water.

(*Crosses to FLEA, who stands stiffly.*)

Ah, the old town pump!

(*Hangs bucket on one of his arms and pumps the other.*)

Now for the spot! (*Kneels and scrubs.*) Out, out, I say,

Then none shall know our guilty secret when it's day.

Tomorrow Duncan won't be any use,

For little Mac and I have cooked his goose.

FLEA. Hit's hawful. Let us go away.

HECATE. Not on your life until she says her say.

LADY. I've spilled some on my hand; yes, here's a spot. All the perfumes from ——'s drug store won't sweeten this little hand. Wash up the floor, my son, and get to bed. A little water cleans us of this deed. Away, lest they suspect us when the night turns day. (*Exit.*)

FLEA. HI'm going back to dear hold Hengland; this place is too unhealthy for me. (*Exit.*)

HECATE (*running after him*). Don't lave me here alone. It's frightened I am. (*Exits.*)

MACBETH (*coming down*). It's all a lie; if you're deceiving me

I'll have thee hung alive upon a tree,

A thing for rooks and daws to pick at.

(*Exeunt WITCHES.*)

They're gone, and I'm alone.

Enter BANQUO and DONALD.

BANQUO. He's here. We've been hunting everywhere

for you. The game is called in half an hour, and you not dressed.

MACBETH. I don't think I'll play;
In fact, I'm rather sick today.

DONALD. You'll be still sicker if you're not on hand when the whistle blows.

MACBETH. But I've never played football before.

BANQUO. What, never?

MACBETH. Well, hardly ever. I don't think I'll go.

BANQUO. Grab him, Donald. I guess you will go.
(*They drag MACBETH out L.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II: FLEA puts up placard reading: "Act Three, Scene Two. The Football Game."

Before curtain rises yells and horns are heard. Then loud voice cries, "First down—five yards to gain!" Repeat yells. Curtain rises and discovers the football men in a heap on ground.

LENNOX. Line up, High School. Our ball. (*They line up.*)

BANQUO. 754, 34, 711, 14.

(*Ball is passed to LENNOX, who makes center rush. All struggle. Note: This scene may be prolonged by writing in more description of game.*)

BANQUO. 66, 789, 642, 31.

(*Ball is passed to MACBETH, who takes it and runs wildly out R. All rise and look after him.*)

BANQUO. Come back, you loon; the other way.

MIKE. Too late. He's made a touchdown for the other side.

LENNOX. Kill him, kill him! Drag him back! (*All rush out R., returning with MACBETH.*)

MACBETH. I guess I made a touchdown, didn't I?

BANQUO. Yes, you did—not! Our goal is there. (*Points to L.*) You made a touchdown over there. (*Points R.*)

MACBETH. I ran like the wind and there was no interference whatever.

MIKE. Kill him, kill him; he's too sweet to live.

(All jump on MACBETH; he falls. Struggling mass.)

Enter all other characters. Boys rise. All come down to footlights and sing, waving class flags.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

(Sung to tune of "Rig-a-Jig.")

The Senior Class is a grand old class,

Hi-o, hi-o; hi-o, hi-o.

They're the cream of the school, each lad and lass.

Hi-o, hi-o, hi-o.

Rig-a-jig jig and away we go, etc.

CURTAIN.

The Goodfellow

By HARRY L. NEWTON.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama in 3 acts; 8 males, 4 females. Time, 2½ hours. Scenes: 2 interiors. Characters: John Dawson, a goodfellow. Stubble, a young reporter. Old Man Hudson, a mysterious philanthropist. Steve Bacon, a detective. Richard Meadows, a private banker. Woodstock, an attorney. Capt. Richards, of police headquarters. Henry Madison, a shiftless husband. Jane, his daughter. Mrs. Madison, her invalid mother. Dora Woodruff, young and impressible. Martha Peck, old and impregnable.

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A GREAT MORAL PLAY WITH A "PUNCH."

The Police Third Degree Scene, a Striking Novelty for Amateurs.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Introducing the shiftless father. "Only two knew the combination—and folks don't generally rob themselves." The mysterious philanthropist arrives. The stroke of the eyebrow. "He's the kind of a man who would lean up against fresh paint, so's to get something for nothing." Arrival of the detective. Mr. Stebbins, you're a great little liar."

Act II.—"I'm going to smile and be brave too." "Fifteen thousand dollars! He gave that away and I can't afford to smoke good cigars." Stubble remembers the time, the place and the man. The sound of the walking stick. Meadows proposes marriage to Jane and offers to save John from the prison. "Somebody is just going out." Here's your hat! What's your hurry!"

Act III.—The hundred dollar bill. "Captain, your Third Degree stuff works like magic. I'll sign a confession." Stubble shows that "he knows what he knows." "I knew you were innocent, John." "I have had my lesson—I was a goodfellow." Sweethearts united. A disgusted detective. "Cap, I'm goin' out and find me a job drivin' a truck. If I find two jobs, I'll save you one." "Sometimes you can wink at the law and get away with it. Here's where I wink."

A Burns Rebellion

By EDITH F. A. U. PAINTON.

Price, 25 Cents

Humorous entertainment, introducing characters from Robert Burns; 8 males, 5 females. Time, about 1 hour. Scene: 1 simple interior. Characters: Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, The Old Cotter, Jenny's Lover, The Reverend Sage, The Deil, Rab the Ranter (Burns' familiar name for himself), Duncan Gray, Jenny, Highland Mary, Bonnie Jean, Kate and Maggie. They have met to discuss the manner in which Burns has presented them to the world. Tam O'Shanter complains that he has acquired fame from bibulous indiscretions, rather than from other qualities. Burns arrives and has great difficulty in quelling the rebellion of his brain children. Quotations from the original poems form most of the dialogue. Designed for schools, colleges and Scottish societies.

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Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min....	2	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.....	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.....		1
Special Sale, 15 min.....	2	
Stage Struck Darcy, 10 min....	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min..	1	
Time Table, 20 min.....	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min..	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min..	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min..	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min....	2	
Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville, 15 min.	1	
Uncle Jeff, 25 min.....	5	2
Who Gits de Reward? 30 min.	5	1

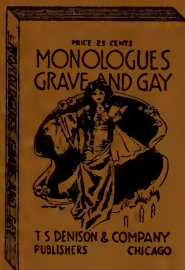
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